

EVA: And don't look at the cross-eyed boy.

*The crying continues.*

EVA: Hoppe, hoppe reiter  
Wenn er felkt dann schreit er  
Felkt er in den graben  
Fressen ihn die raben  
Felkt er in den sumpf  
Macht der reiter plumpf.  
{Translation: Hop hop hop hop rider  
Do not fall beside her  
If into the ditch you fall  
The Ratman gets you all  
And don't have the desire  
To fall into the mire.}

*The crying calms. Sounds of children laughing.*

EVA: Announcing to all around her, Did any of you know?  
In England all the men have pipes and look like  
Sherlock Holmes and everyone has a dog.

*Enter a Nazi border OFFICER. He approaches EVA. FAITH watches.*

OFFICER: No councillor in here?

EVA: She's in the next carriage.

OFFICER: *Picking up EVA's case,* Whose case is this?

EVA: Mine

OFFICER: Stand up straight.

*EVA stands.*

OFFICER: Turn your label around then. It's gone the wrong way. Can't see your number.

EVA: *Turning the label round. Quietly,* Sorry.

OFFICER: Speak up.

EVA: Sorry.

OFFICER: Sir! Sorry, sir.

EVA: Sorry, Sir.

OFFICER: No one will know what to do with you if they can't see your number.

*Silence.*

OFFICER: Will they?

EVA: No, Sir.

OFFICER: Might have to remove you from the train.

*Silence.*

OFFICER: Mightn't we?

EVA: Yes, Sir.

OFFICER: D'you know it at least?

EVA: Pardon, Sir?

OFFICER: Know your number. If you don't know it you might forget who you are.

EVA: 3362, Sir.

OFFICER: *Taking out a pen,* Don't want you to forget who you are now, do we?

EVA: No, Sir.

OFFICER: Let me remind you.

*He draws a huge Star of David on the label.*

OFFICER: There. That should tell 'em wherever it is you're going. Best to keep them informed, eh?

← **START**

EVA: Terrified, Yes, Sir.

OFFICER opens and searches the case, throwing everything onto the floor. He finds the mouth organ.

OFFICER: You can't take valuables out of the country.  
Can't take anything for gain.

EVA: I wouldn't sell it, Sir.

OFFICER: What's it for then?

EVA: For music, Sir. I play it, Sir.

OFFICER: You any good?

EVA: I suppose so.

OFFICER: Go on then. Prove it's not just to make money.

EVA takes it and plays nervously, badly.

OFFICER: You need more practice. Better keep it. *He body-searches EVA. What money have you got? He digs into EVA's pockets and takes out a few coins, which he takes and pockets. Better clear up this mess.*

EVA starts to clear up. OFFICER feels in a pocket and produces a toffee.

OFFICER: Giving the toffee to EVA, Here kiddie. A sweetie for you.

← END

OFFICER ruffles EVA's hair and exits. EVA grips the toffee tightly and tidies up the clothes into the case. (Sounds of a train speeding along. Children's excited chatter. In German, "The border, the border, the border.")

EVA: It is the border! The border! Can't get us now! We're out! Out! Stuff your stupid Hitler. Stuff your stupid toffees! *She throws down the toffee.* Keep them! Hope your eyes fall out and you die the worst death on earth! Hope you all rot in hell forever and ever! Hope no one buries you! Hope

the rats come and eat up all your remains until there's nothing left!

*Sounds of a train stopping. Sounds of a buzzing, busy, happy crowd at a railway station. A voice saying in Dutch, "Have as many sweets and as much lemonade as you want."*

EVA: Greedily eating and drinking, You know what? That Dutch lady said we can have as many cakes as we want. And sweets. And lemonade. I'm going to stuff my pockets for later. Who says it's naughty? They all want us to be happy, don't they? Well, that's what I'm doing. Making myself happy.

*Sound of a ship's horn and the lapping of waves. Tired, muted children's chatter.*

EVA: You know what? If you lick your lips you'll taste the salt. Sea salt. What d'you mean, Hook of Holland? It can't be. It's nothing like one. It isn't. Look at it. How's that a hook? *Coughing*, Excuse me...*About to vomit*....it won't come...No, I'm fine...Really...It's just nothing...Nothing will come out of me.

*Sound of a ship's horn.*

EVA: This is Harwich, you know. It really is England.

*Sounds of disembarkation. Children's chatter and adult English voices, "Come along now," "Keep moving," "Move to the right, please."*

EVA: Can you just go through like that? Don't they search you?

EVA stops and bends down suddenly.

EVA: *picking up one penny*, A penny. They have big money here. It must be a sign of good luck.

EVA pockets the penny. RATCATCHER's music.

HELGA: In the piper's wake they skipped. All the children up the mountain, on and on till ... crash. With a